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Attorneys-at-Law.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Office in the Court House, Shenandoah County, Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Virginia and in the United States District Court.

Special attention given to the collection of claims.

W. A. ALEXANDER, M. B. WUNDER, Attorneys-at-Law, WOODSTOCK, VA.

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W. L. WALTON, D. N. NEWMAN, Attorneys-at-Law, WOODSTOCK, VA.

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Shenandoah Herald.

WOODSTOCK VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26 1897.

NO. 39.

HUMPHREYS'

- No. 1 Cures Fever.
- No. 2 " Worms.
- No. 3 " Infants' Diseases.
- No. 4 " Diarrhea.
- No. 5 " Neuralgia.
- No. 6 Cures Headache.
- No. 7 " Dyspepsia.
- No. 8 " Delayed Periods.
- No. 9 " Leucorrhoea.
- No. 10 " Skin Diseases.
- No. 11 Cures Rheumatism.
- No. 12 " Malaria.
- No. 13 " Whooping Cough.
- No. 14 " Kidney Diseases.
- No. 15 " Urinary Diseases.
- No. 16 " Colds and Grip.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for \$1.

Dr. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES, MAILING FREE.

Humphreys' Med. Co., 111 William St., N. Y.

A DEAL IN PETROLEUM.

Then I must take your refusal as final. Very well. Here is the document signed by Wilfred Merriam—your brother—acknowledging himself a forger and thief, and giving me power to prosecute at any time I think fit or may feel inclined. Here is my offer: Marry me three months from now, this document will pass into your possession and your brother is safe. If not—

"If not?"

"If you are foolish enough to persist in your refusal Wilfred Merriam will stand in the felon's dock before the month is out, and the brother of the beautiful Nora Merriam will in all probability serve years' penal servitude."

"Oh, why do you persecute me thus? I was happy and in peace when I was poor—but now that I am rich you force attentions upon me which are not only an insult to me, but to another, also—"

"Ah! you refer to my nephew, Charles Crawford—a clever lad, Nora, but poor. You speak of your wealth. I do not deny that your snug little £100,000 in hard cash makes your attractions doubly alluring, and do you think I am going to resign all that in favor of my nephew Charles? No, no. In fact, I do not think I have any more need for him in my office."

"You will not discharge him?"

"You would not advise me to keep a dog that has once tried to bite—who knows but that the next time he may succeed? You are anxious for your brother; think of him. You have the welfare of Charles Crawford at heart; do not ruin him, for as surely as you fail to marry me I will crush them both. If, however, you agree to my proposal, there is nothing that I will not do for them."

"Give me time to think."

"Not one moment. Yes or no?"

"I cannot—I—"

"Your brother?"

"You torture me."

"Yes or no—?"

"Then God forgive me. It is that the only way to save Wilfred, I must do it."

And from that day Nora Merriam was allowed no peace, and notwithstanding the fact that she had promised to marry Charles Crawford long before her fortune came to her, the threats and persecutions of John Markham continued as we have seen.

Upon entering his office John Markham rang the bell and summoned his chief into the private room.

"Crawford, let me have those last contracts. Now, let me see, he went on when the documents were laid before him, 'how do we stand? One contract for 20,000, one for 50,000 and one for 30,000, that is to say, 100,000 tons of Russian petroleum in all, at £4 per ton—equals £400,000. We buy at an average of 64s. per ton or £300,000, leaving a profit of £100,000, a very nice little deal. I think Crawford, that when I have seen this through I shall sell the business and retire.'

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, I am about tired of commercial life, these transactions will be through in three months, and then I am going to be married."

"You surprise me, sir?"

"Aye, life is full of surprises. You know Miss Merriam, I think?"

"Miss Merriam?"

"Yes, Miss Merriam; but why in that tone of voice? Don't you approve of the lady?"

"It is no subject for jest, sir; you know as well as I do that Miss Merriam is my promised wife."

"Indeed! It is my turn to be surprised, I certainly knew that you admired the lady, and I have no doubt that you fostered hopes in that direction; but when you have the cool effrontery to inform me that you are engaged to marry her I can only marvel at your audacity."

"With all respect due to you, sir, as my uncle and my employer I must say that the statement you have just made is not only untrue, but you know it to be untrue. I was engaged to marry Miss Merriam long before she was an heiress, and we were merely waiting until my position improved."

"And do you think you are likely to improve your position by calling your master a liar? After this conduct you cannot remain in my employ. I will dispense with the three months' notice, and draw you a check in lieu of it. Be prepared to leave in five minutes, Go."

A few minutes later the bell rang again, and Crawford, hat in hand and coat thrown over his arm, entered the sanctum.

"I am sorry to have to part with you like this, Crawford, but there is no other course open to me. I have just left Miss Merriam, and she has complained to me of your torturing propensities, and asked me to use my influence to put an end to your persecution of her. Here is a check for £200 and I sincerely hope that you will endeavor to cultivate more gentlemanly manners in your future career."

Quietly closing the door after him, John Markham's nephew left the office.

The recklessness of fortune as demonstrated by the events of the last fifteen minutes caused an indescribable feeling of dismay in the young man's mind.

Charles Crawford as chief clerk of John Markham & Co., with prospects of a partnership, was now a Charles Crawford, with £200 in his pocket and a few more hundred pounds in the bank, and prospects nil.

His first thought upon leaving the office was of Nora. Could it be as his uncle had declared, that she looked upon him merely as a fortune hunter? No, he would not believe it, and full of determination to ascertain the truth from Nora herself, he made his way, to her home.

The cry of joy that fell from her lips when he presented himself before her soon banished all thought of her inconstancy from his mind.

we do not hit upon some plan—

"You will marry John Markham?"

"No, no, I do not say that, Charles, but I must save Wilfred."

It was striking 10 o'clock that night when Crawford left Nora Merriam. As he walked along puffed in thought the rattle of a fire engine dashing past roused him from his reverie, and a lurid glare in the sky told him that a vast conflagration was in progress.

Upon hastening to the spot he found that the premises and store yards of a large firm of coopers were on fire. A huge stock of many thousands of newly made barrels was well alight, and from the inflammable nature of the materials it was soon evident that all efforts to hold the fire in check were hopeless. In a few hours the whole of the premises would be gutted.

As Crawford gazed upon the burning pile, a sudden thought surged through his brain. After considering a few moments he hastily retraced his steps, and late as he was, sought another interview with Nora.

They talked far into the night, and it was late when he finally reached his lodgings. Instead of returning to rest, however, he started to write, and when the dawn of the new day streamed through the window, he was still busy with his pen.

Eight o'clock saw him at the telegraph office with a sheet of messages in his hand addressed to all the principal coopers and barrel makers in the kingdom. They were nearly all of the same tenor, and ran as follows:

"Contracts entered for any part of 500,000 barrels to be delivered during next three months. Wire price and number you can understand. Terms: Half cash on signing agreement, balance on delivery. Brokers and references, Paris, London—Merriam, Crawford & Co. Bengers' Court, Lomburg, London."

Half an hour later he had secured the offices and fixtures of a bankrupt firm in Bengers' Court, and by 9 o'clock a temporary sign hung outside of the door bearing the legend, "Merriam, Crawford & Co."

The services of four lawyers' clerks were hastily secured and they were set to work writing out duplicate contracts in blank in anticipation of the arrival of the answering telegrams.

The senior partner of the new firm, in the person of Miss Nora Merriam, drove up in her brougham at 10 o'clock, and a few minutes later saw her and Crawford in the private office of the bank manager.

The banking arrangements were rapidly completed, and Charles left without power to draw upon the new firm's account for any sum or sums up to £100,000.

On their return to the office they found that a number of telegrams had already arrived, and by noon the next day the firm of Merriam, Crawford & Co., found themselves responsible for the payment of nearly 600,000 barrels at prices ranging from 3s. to 4s. each.

John Markham was well satisfied with himself—matters were flowing very smoothly with him, his business engagements he calculated would bring him in considerable fortune, and so far as he could see no cloud appeared upon the horizon of his prosperity.

In his hours of leisure the thought of Nora Merriam and her fortune brought a smile of triumph to his face. Once wedded to her and the turn of business would improve him no more, and if a doubt of the success of his matrimonial schemes crossed his mind the person of Wilfred Merriam's confession instantly banished it.

"She will wed me to save her brother, Crawford is out of my path, so I have nothing to fear."

But the plans of the cleverest men sometimes go astray, and when John Markham attempted to negotiate for barrels in which to store his oil, he suddenly awoke to the fact that some smart firm had cornered the market.

His contracts had to be fulfilled during the next three months. Unless he had barrels to send his oil away in the contracts would fall through and he would be ruined.

But when he discovered the name of the firm, his rage knew no bounds. The delay of a few hours had placed him at the mercy of Nora Merriam and Charles Crawford.

Toward the end of the month,

when the first contract became due he pocketed his pride and wrote to Merriam Crawford & Co., asking for a quotation of 100,000 barrels, and when the answer back, '10s. per barrel,' he felt that he was really in the hands of the enemy and utter despair took possession of him.

The next day he received a note from Crawford; 'If John Markham will come to Bengers' Court, at 12 o'clock, matters might be arranged to suit both parties.'

When at 12 o'clock he was ushered into the private office at Bengers' Court he found himself in the presence of Nora Merriam.

As he came forward to take her hand, she rose and motioned him to a seat.

For a moment there was silence. "We met under somewhat different circumstances, Mr. Markham. He bowed in assent.

"It is not my wish," she continued, "to indulge any idea of revenge which would probably recommend itself to any other person in my position. I understand from Mr. Crawford that it depends upon a rich man or a bankrupt."

"That is so."

"I have certain terms to offer which, if you accept, will and good—if not—"

"Name them!"

"In the first place you must hand me the confession written by your brother, and sign a document promising not to molest him in any way."

"And then?"

"In the second place, this firm has contracts on which will bring in a considerable sum; you have engagements which I understand will make you practically independent. Agree to my first proposition and take Mr. Crawford into partnership; that is to say, combine the two firms, work off the contracts, and then dissolve—each to have half the profits. Do you agree?"

"You are too generous, but what does my nephew say?"

"Here is Charles to answer for himself."

"I say let us bury the whole of this miserable business and ring a peal of bells over its grave. Nora and I are to be married next week, uncle; will you come and dance at our wedding?"

"I will my boy, and I ask pardon from both of you for the unhappiness I have caused you. It has been a case of 'diamond cut diamond. I envy you your happiness, and I shall never forget that it was your generosity that brought to a triumphant issue my 'deal in petroleum.'—London Tit-Bits.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and chapped hands, chills, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25c. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and stimulant. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

"Snythe—I wonder what idiot originated the phrase, 'There's no accounting for taste?' Tomkins—'Why? Snythe—'Because I'd like to get at him! I've just been accounting to the milliner and modiste for my wife's taste!'"

An Uncertain Disease.

There is no disease more uncertain in its nature than dyspepsia. Physicians say that the symptoms of no two cases agree. It is therefore most difficult to make a correct diagnosis. No matter under what disguise dyspepsia attacks you, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure it. Irregular in all diseases of the stomach, blood and nerves. For sale by all Dealers.

THE COMING SERMON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE TELLS WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

He Says the Sermon of Today Has Too Much Dead Wood—The Sermon of the Future Will Be Short, Spirited, and It Will Be Reported in the Press.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Most appropriate to the times we live in is Dr. Talmage's discourse of today. All Christian workers will read it with interest. His text is Luke ix, 60, "Go, thou, and preach the kingdom of God."

The gospel is to be regnant over all hearts, all circles, all governments and all lands. The kingdom of God spoken of in the text is to be a universal kingdom, and just as wide as that will be the realm of the gospel. "Go, thou, and preach the kingdom of God." We hear a great deal in these days about the coming man and the coming woman and the coming time. Some one ought to tell us of the coming sermon. It is a simple fact that everybody knows and studies. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

But I remark again that the coming sermon of the Christian church will be a short sermon. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be a hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "serenely" would find them fresh and chipper. In those times there was enough room for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot stop, hence the necessity to say to the people in the spirit of 45 minutes, better adjourn it some other day.

The Time to Stop.

The trouble is we preach audiences into a Christian frame and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. That accident on the Long Island railroad came from the fact that the brakes were out of the train, they could they wanted to stop the train, they could not stop, hence the casualty was terrible. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion; we want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing, after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject, to hear a man say, "Now to recapitulate," and a few words by way of application, and "once more," and "finally," and "now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and reanimate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at 11 o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have an apostolic power or miracle. Napoleon, in an address of seven minutes, thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount—the model sermon—was less than 18 minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the coming sermon arrives in this land and in the Christian church—the sermon which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom—it will be a terse, terse sermon. Hear it, all theologians and all preachers, men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are tolling for Christ and the salvation of mankind. Brevity, brevity!

But I remark also that the coming sermon of which I speak will be a popular sermon. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what he meant, and they flocked to him. And when the coming sermon of the Christian church appears it will not be Princeton, not Rochester, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Olivet—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, sorrows and necessities of an auditors.

Churches Will Be Thronged.

But when that sermon does come there will be a thronging gleaming similitude to charge on it. There are in so

save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was found upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the airbrake!" And as the engineer said it to me he put his hand on the airbrake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought, "You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis."

Oh, in that coming sermon of the Christian church there will be living illustrations taken from everyday life of vicarious sufferings—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of him who, in the high places of the field and on the cross, fought our battles and wept our griefs and endured our struggles and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, 2 years old, who it was, and she said, "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, 4 or 5 years of age, and he said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the One who took little children in his arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

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